

Good Morning 489

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dancing Instructor
CHERRY MANTON
says a good
chorus is to-day
precious as
Gold dust—and

ALL YOU DO IS KEEP IN STEP

CHORUS-GIRLS, chorus-boys and stage-hands, who used to be ten-a-penny in the peacetime theatres, are like gold dust now.

"Heartbreak Corner" is "Prosperity Corner" now. It is so hard to find a chorus that will keep in step that artistes no longer queue up for jobs outside the agents' offices—the agents are out first thing in the morning to grab the artistes!

If ever you thought you would like to gate-crash the theatre, now's your chance, if your Service or Bevin responsibilities are cleared.

Chorus-girls, who used to get a basic wage of £3 10s. to £5 a week, now get £7 to £8. The girl who walks on to speak a few lines will be offered £10.

Expenses have increased, of course. Make-up costs 100 per cent. more. A chemist who has been supplying chorus-girls and stars of the West End and of touring shows for thirty years told me: "Even with their professional authorisation, many of them have to wait weeks before they can get special sticks of make-up and make-up remover."

"A girl treasures as highly as her clothing coupons or ration book her letter from the stage management which is her authorisation to get face make-up."

But when you can get a chorus together, they keep in step better than they did in pre-war days, because most members of the chorus are getting more sleep.

Before the war a girl seldom got home before midnight. The hours of West End theatres in those days were different.

After the stage came the "Grand Hotel" cabaret show. It meant that a girl could not be sure of finishing work until 2 a.m. at the earliest.

If she lived in the suburbs she would not be in bed until 3 a.m.—and she probably had to be in the theatre at 10 a.m. again for refresher rehearsals, cabaret business, or recording sessions. The result was she never had enough sleep.

Most of those tough chorus-girls are in the Forces now. The war took the regular battalion of chorus-boys and girls well known to West

End managements. Chorus-girls of 15 and 16 are appearing in some of the shows on tour, and this is something new.

In one theatre recently I found two chorus "boys" of 40 who would never have succeeded in getting a job in peacetime.

The others were the 20-25s, medically unfit and in some cases discharged from the Army after being wounded overseas, and now permitted by the Bevin organisation to take up stage work until fully recovered. Then they'll probably have to work part-time in a factory.

"Make-do and mend" is imprinted on the mind of every producer. He has to make-do

show, so, of course, the chorus-girl has to make-do with only one—and that is probably sewn together from some gown worn in four or five previous shows.

Round the corner you'll find even stars queuing to get their hair "done." There is a shortage of labour in the hair and beauty salons, and the operators can't get the henna.

It costs about £6 a pound now, even when you can get small supplies. Bleach is also extremely difficult to obtain. So if the chorus is now nearly all brunette you know the reason why!

I've heard some harsh things said in audiences about the chorus. If the chorus is really poor, the "customers" complain that surely it isn't so difficult to get a dozen pretty, exempt girls together for a show.

If the chorus is pretty and youngish, there are carping critics in the audience who say in effect, "What are they doing on the stage? Young and fit, they ought to be called up."

In most cases you can't blame the impresario. He or she has to take what Bevin gives. If a big show is a success, even a young, pretty, single girl may get temporary exemption—as long as the show lasts.

If there are special reasons why the show should run in the provinces on tour, or if it should go en bloc to E.N.S.A., or to war-factory entertainment, then a girl may get a longer period of exemption.

But when the show is finished she is liable to call-up, despite all the hard work she has put in.

It doesn't seem fair—but then, nobody in the theatre world pretends that it is "essential" work.

Hardest-worked girl of the chorus is the one back-stage you never see—the chorus wardrobe mistress. Most of them are ex-chorus-girls.

Nowadays they chase sequins and off-the-coupon frills and oddments of material quicker than ever they kicked their legs in the old Gaiety days!



"For the love of Pete, be patient! I'm expecting the permit for an alarm clock any day now!"

with old scenery which is cut up and repainted from old shows for new.

Coupons are pooled for big shows, and, of course, the stars get the bigger share.

A star may have to wear half-a-dozen different dresses in a

HERE'S SOME HOME TOWN TALK

SEVERAL Hampshire towns and cities have been discussing how they can suitably recognise the gallant achievements of the County Regiment in the war.

Winchester City Council for instance, have decided to confer on the Regiment "the privilege, honour and distinction of marching through the streets of the city on all ceremonial occasions with colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed."

Aldershot, steeped in military tradition has resolved to confer the Freedom of the Borough on the gallant Hampshires.

The City Fathers of Bournemouth, after discussing—and discarding—first, a motion to confer the Freedom of the Borough on the Regiment and, then, a proposal that they should be given the privilege of marching through the streets of Bournemouth with fixed bayonets,—described by one councillor as "a cheap honour"—decided that the town should pay a more adequate and practical tribute to the Regiment, and referred the matter to a committee to bring forward proposals.

During the debate at the Council, Councillor J. E. Bevis asked whether it was realised that marching through a town with bayonets

fixed was very hard and thirsty work.

He said he knew what the men's language would be if the Council did not provide them with suitable refreshment when the march was over!

ROLL OUT—THE BUCKET.

American troops, working hard on an exhausting job in a Hampshire town, were given permission, "by twos and threes," to dodge across the road to a nearby public-house to get a drink.

The bar was crowded and the G.I.s could not wait long enough to get their drinks.

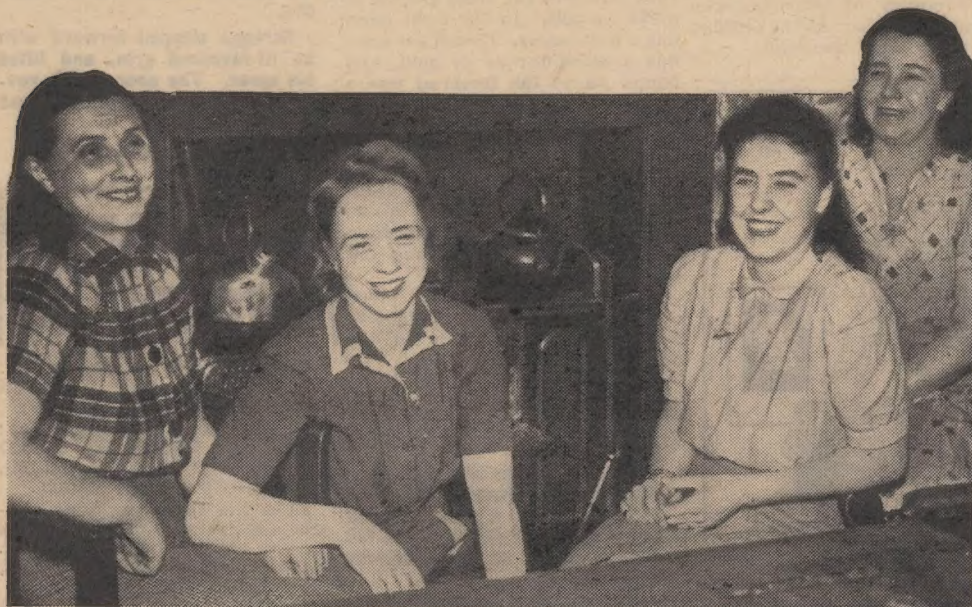
But one of them had an idea. Elbowing his way to the bar, he said to the barmaid: "Say, honey, can I have a bucket of beer?"

Thinking he was joking, she replied: "Sure, if you've brought your own bucket."

He had. A few minutes later he was striding across the road with a bucketful of foaming ale for his buddies.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?

Emerson.



Four young ladies greet A.B. William McBride (and send word to A.B. Trevor McGrath)

AT 207, Centre-street, Glasgow, we found a double story—so here's the news for A.B. William McBride and A.B. Trevor McGrath.

We couldn't follow all the family tree branches, there were four ladies in the house and they all had news for you both—so eyes down, gentlemen, and pick the meat that concerns you most.

First of all your wife has the platform. Bill, to say that she is very fit and just longing for your return. The house down the road is ready and waiting for you, too. Mrs. McBride goes along there every week-end and looks at the furniture, and dreams about when you will be back so the house will be turned into a home instead of just a house with furniture.

Your wife says she is not afraid of Glen any more. That doesn't mean a thing to us, but guess you will understand.

Mrs. McBride senior gets a word in now to say that she and "the old man" are both fit and well. Young Donald is getting into all manner of scrapes at school of course. Yesterday your mother went along to see the Headmaster about him. "He's not a bad boy, by any means, but he's no angel," he said.

"Thank God for that," your mother replied, "I'd just hate a son of mine to be an angel."

Isobel is out with Tom Fletcher most nights. His home is in Nottingham—he's a sailor too.

Mrs. Joyce sends her love to you both and is looking forward to your being both home together. There was some joke about a broken arm-chair. "Who Done It," seems to be quite a family joke. Mrs. McBride junior suggested her husband might be able to throw some light on the subject!

Gunner Joyce, R.A. has been away three years now, and news of him has been irregular recently, though some

photographs arrived a couple of weeks ago.

Don't think there's much news we can give you about Mary. Mr. McGrath—you seem to have the vitality to get to Glasgow most nights—anyway, she sends her love and says it's about time you went dancing again.

Your wife has the last word, A.B. McBride—she says that by the time you get home she hopes to have quite a collection of Bing Crosby records for you.

DOG NEWS for A.B. JIM CORDY

BULL Mastiffs seem to play a big part in your family, Jim, and you like dogs so maybe when you come home again one of these fine dogs will greet you.

Calling on your Father recently at 45, Victoria-road, Diss, Suffolk, he said he sure to tell you he intended getting a Bull Mastiff pup and training him for police work. And strangely enough the same photographer who took a picture of your Father, also took him with several mastiffs 12 years ago.

Your wire enquiring about Frank was received—he is fit and well and so is Ronald. A letter from him in Burma posted September 2, was received September 15.

Your Dad wishes to be remembered to George Pearl and so does Mrs. Cordy—she is busy on her job so when we called Dad was minding house until going on police duty.

If he gets the Bull Mastiff pup he will be happy. As you know, this breed makes a splendid pal but not so good for the wrong 'un.

Many Diss friends have asked after you.



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

TWALA, the one eyed . . . TWALA, the terrible

IT will not be necessary for me to detail at length the incidents of our journey to Loo. It took two good days' travelling along Solomon's Great Road, which pursued its even course right into the heart of Kukuana land.

At sunset on the second day we stopped to rest awhile upon the summit of some heights over which the road ran, and there on a beautiful and fertile plain before us was Loo itself. For a native town it was an enormous place, quite five miles round, I should say. It was beautifully situated, and through the centre of the kraal, dividing it into two portions, ran a river.

Sixty or seventy miles away three great snow-capped mountains, placed like the points of a triangle, started up out of the level plain. The conformation of these mountains was unlike that of Sheba's Breasts, being sheer and precipitous, instead of smooth and rounded.

Infadoos saw us looking at them, and volunteered a remark. "The road ends there," he said,

pointing to the mountains known among the Kukuanas as the "Three Witches."

"Why does it end?" I asked. "Who knows?" he answered, with a shrug; "the mountains are full of caves, and there is a great pit between them. It is there that the wise men of old time used to go to get whatever it was they came to this country for, and it is there now that our kings are buried in the Place of Death."

As soon as he was gone I turned to the others, and pointed out the mountains. "There are Solomon's diamond mines," I said.

Umbopa was standing with them, and caught my words.

"Yes, Macumazahn," he put in, in Zulu, "the diamonds are surely there, and you shall have them since you white men are so fond of toys and money."

"How dost thou know that, Umbopa?"

He laughed. "I dreamed it in the night, white men," and then he turned upon his heel and went.

"Now what," said Sir Henry, "is our black friend at? By the way, Quatermain, has he heard anything of—of my brother?"

"Nothing," he has asked everyone he has got friendly with, but they all declare no white man has ever been seen in the country before."

"Do you suppose he ever got here at all?" suggested Good; "we have only reached the place by a miracle; is it likely he could have reached it at all without the map?"

"I don't know," said Sir Henry gloomily, "but somehow I think that I shall find him."

Slowly the sun sank, and then suddenly darkness rushed down on the land like a tangible thing. But not for long, for see in the west there is a glow, then come rays of silver light, and at last the full and glorious moon lights up the plain.

Presently our meditations were broken in upon by our polite friend Infadoos.

"If my lords are rested we will journey on to Loo, where a hut is made ready for my lords to-night. The moon is now bright, so that we shall not fall on the way."

We assented, and in an hour's time were at the outskirts of the town, of which the extent, mapped out as it was by thousands of camp fires, appeared absolutely endless. After nearly half an hour's tramp, past endless lines of huts, Infadoos at last halted at the gate of a little group of huts, and informed us that these were to be our "poor" quarters.

We entered, and found that a hut had been assigned to each of us. These huts were superior to any which we had yet seen, and in each was a most comfortable bed made of tanned skins, spread upon mattresses of aromatic grass. Food too was ready for us, and as soon as we had washed ourselves with water, which stood ready in earthenware jars, some young women of handsome appearance brought us roasted meat and mealie cobs daintily served on wooden platters, and presented it to us with deep obeisances.

We ate and drank, and then the beds having by our request been all moved into one hut, we flung ourselves down to sleep, thoroughly wearied out with our long journey.

When we woke it was to find that the sun was high in the heavens, and that the female attendants, who did not seem to be troubled by any false shame, were already standing inside the hut, having been ordered to attend and help us to "make ready."

Having, somewhat to their astonishment and disappointment, requested the young ladies to step

outside, we proceeded to make the best toilet that the circumstances admitted of.

By the time that we had eaten our breakfasts, and smoked a pipe, a message was brought to us by no less a personage than Infadoos himself that Twala the king was ready to see us, if we would be pleased to come.



"I don't care, Eunice! I repeat, your mother is a spoil-sport!"

We remarked in reply that we should prefer to wait till the sun was a little higher. It is always placed several stools. On three of well, when dealing with uncivilised these, at a sign from Infadoos, we people, not to be in too great a hurry. So, although we were quite seated ourselves, Umbopa standing behind us. As for Infadoos, he took as anxious to see Twala as Twala up a position by the door of the hut. So we waited for ten minutes or more in the midst of a dead silence, but conscious that we were the object of the concentrated gaze of some eight thousand pairs of eyes.

At length the door of the hut opened, and a gigantic figure, with a splendid tiger-skin karross flung over its shoulders, stepped out, followed by the boy Scragga, and what appeared to us to be a withered-up monkey, wrapped in a fur cloak.

The figure seated itself upon a stool, Scragga took his stand behind it, and the withered-up monkey crept on all fours into the shade of the hut and squatted down.

Still there was silence. Then the gigantic figure slipped off the karross and stood up before us, a truly alarming spectacle. It was that of an enormous man with the most entirely repulsive countenance we had ever beheld. The lips were as thick as a negro's, the nose was flat, it had but one gleam-

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

ing black eye (for the other was represented by a hollow in the face), and its whole expression was cruel and sensual to a degree. From the large head rose a magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers, the body was clad in a shirt of shining chain armour, whilst round the waist and right knee was the usual garnish of white ox-tails. In the right hand was a huge spear. Round the neck was a thick torque of gold, and bound on to the forehead was a single and enormous uncut diamond.

Still there was silence; but not for long. Presently the figure raised the great spear in his hand. Instantly eight thousand spears were raised in answer, and from eight thousand throats rang out the royal salute of "Koom."

"Be humble, O people," piped out a thin voice which seemed to come from the monkey in the shade, "it is the king."

"It is the king," boomed out eight thousand throats in answer. "Be humble, O people, it is the king."

Then there was silence again—dead silence. Presently, however, it was broken. A soldier on our left dropped his shield, which fell with a clatter on the limestone flooring.

Twala turned his one cold eye in the direction of the noise. "Come hither, thou," he said in a voice of thunder.

A fine young man stepped out of the ranks, and stood before him. "It was thy shield that fell, thou awkward dog. Wilt thou make me a reproach in the eyes of strangers from the stars? What hast thou to say?"

And then we saw the poor fellow turn pale under his dusky skin. "I am by chance, O Calf of the black Cow," he murmured.

"Then it is a chance for which thou must pay. Thou hast made me foolish; prepare for death."

"I am the king's ox," was the low answer.

"Scragga," roared the king, "let me see how thou canst use thy spear. Kill me this awkward dog."

Scragga stepped forward with an ill-favoured grin, and lifted his spear. The poor victim covered his eyes with his hand and stood still.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—428

1. Insert five consonants in: E**E**E*, and make a common word.
2. Rearrange the letters of: I TEAR SOIL, A SAND PRONG, and BEAT LA LEG, and get three indoor games.
3. In the following four vessels the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 372289, C7468, 79C362489, P92366452.
4. Find the hidden wild flower in: Isn't that Richard and Eli on that seat over there?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 427

1. REVERENCE.
2. CRIBBAGE, BEZIQUE, VINGT-ET-UN.
3. Triangle, Hexagon, Rectangle, Pentagon.
4. G-Un, Tan-k.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 12

1. If Spinach is green and grass is red, write "Egypt," unless roses are red and lilies white, in which case write "India," otherwise, put "China" in capital letters.

2. When George said "A la carie," Henry said "Newmarket." What word linked these two ideas in Henry's mind?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Running, Hunting, Climbing, Writing, Singing, Building, Sleeping.

4. If you were offered either a job at a half-yearly salary of £50, with a half-yearly rise of £5, or a job at a salary of £100 a year, with a rise of £20 a year, which would you take, and why?

Answers in 490.

Answers to Test No. 11.

1. Both are soft, yellow, cheap, rationed, made from fat, sold in cakes, sink in water, are non-poisonous, and may be bought at the grocer's.

2. Cyclist uses a machine; others don't.

3. "Legs."

4. A's alibi at the "Blue Boar" is water-tight, and D's action and remark to his sister would not have been made if he were the murderer. B must have gone to Dripton and done it, although he did not attend the races. He was on the platform at London because he had just returned by the train he said he was meeting.

QUIZ for today

1. A smew is a sea duck, simper, noise of a cat, young seal, stables?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) coats, (b) doves?
3. For what girls' names are the following "short"? Nettie, May, Maud.
4. What is the highest mountain in Scotland?
5. What is made from kaolin?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Wednesday, Wardrobe, Venerable, Vicious, Widdershins.

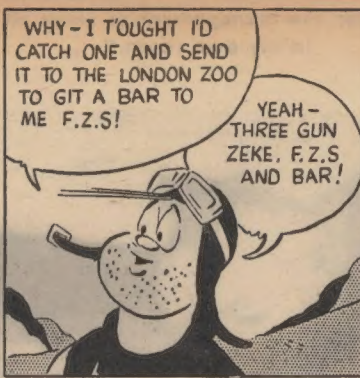
Answers to Quiz in No. 488

1. Blue pigment.
2. (a) Sounder, (b) Cowardice.
3. Mary, Euphemia, Helen.
4. Scafell (3,210 feet).
5. Johann, Sebastian, Karl, Philipp, Emanuel, Wilhelm, Friedemann, Christoph, Friedrich, Christian.
6. Panelled, Presentiment.

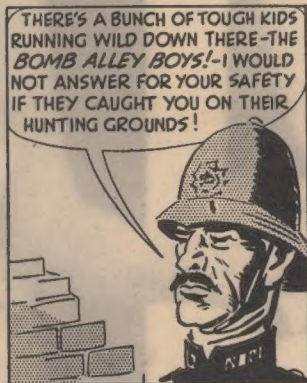
JANE



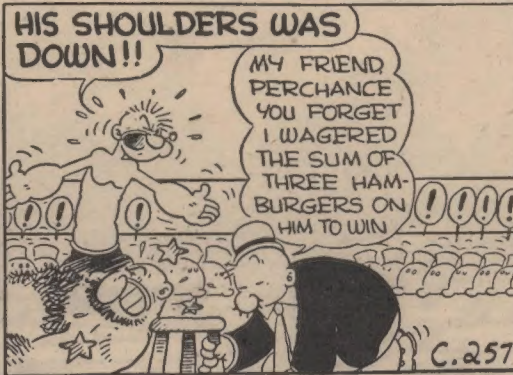
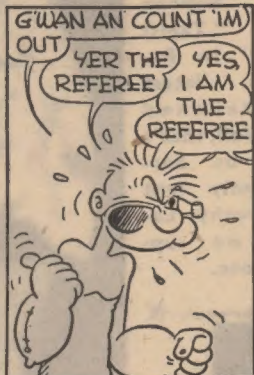
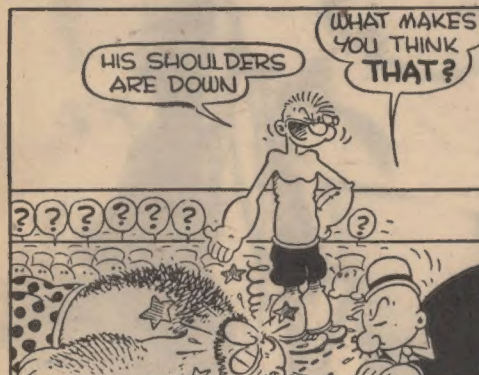
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



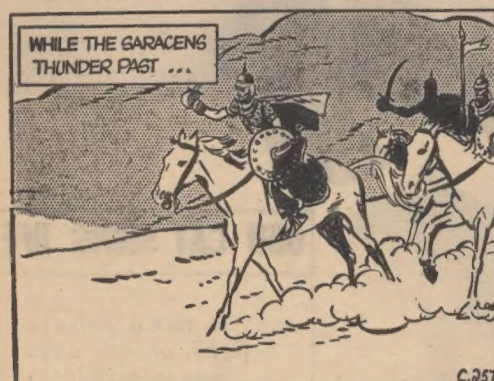
POPEYE



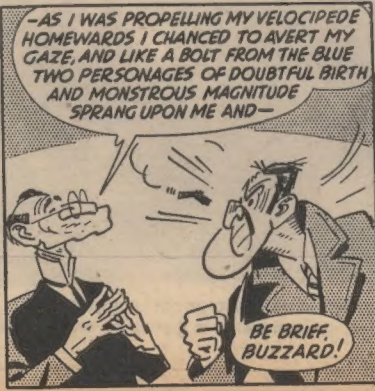
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



How We Got the Needle

By GORDON RICH

SIXTY-SIX years ago Cleopatra's Needle was set up on the Thames Embankment. "The Queen is much gratified by the safe arrival of the Needle," was the message from Queen Victoria.

Thousands of Londoners cheered as the ancient monument was set in position. They also breathed a sigh of relief.

For months this stone pillar, 70 feet long and weighing nearly 200 tons, had caused anxiety. Superstitious people believed a calamity would fall upon Britain if the Needle were disturbed from its sand-bed near Alexandria.

A scheme to bring the obelisk to Britain in 1801 to commemorate the British victory over the French in Egypt, fell through. Two kings, George IV and William IV, refused to accept it. When at last it was decided to bring it to Britain, the pillar broke adrift in mid-ocean and caused the death of six brave sailors.

Cleopatra's Needle was hewn from the rose-red granite quarries in Southern Egypt 35 centuries ago, and carved on all four sides with the proud record of its creator, Pharaoh Thothmes III, of Egypt.

Sweating slaves hauled it to the Nile, where it was floated down to Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, and set up in the Court of the King. The glory of Heliopolis departed, but for nearly 2,000 years the granite column towered above the land.

Generations of wise men from the West came to read the writings. Cleopatra coveted the monolith, and had it floated down the Nile to adorn her palace at Alexandria. There the column passed another 1,500 years, until the encroaching sea ate into its foundations, and it fell, to lie half-buried in the sand. British soldiers in Egypt in 1819 named the prostrate red granite column Cleopatra's Needle.

In time it lay buried beneath the sand, and a Greek merchant, buying the land on which it lay, decided to break up the pillar for building material. At last, after 76 years of negotiating by his predecessors, Sir James Alexander undertook to bring the Needle to Britain.

The monument became a ship—the Cleopatra. It was enclosed in a huge steel cylinder which had been made in this country and shipped to Egypt in sections. It was given a keel and rudder and ballast, and a deck and cabin for a crew of six.

It was hauled by tugs into the water and instantly sank. Divers discovered that the cylinder had been pierced by a submerged rock. The damage was repaired. The captain and his crew of five boarded their "ship," and on September 21, 1877, in tow of the S.S. "Olga," the Needle started its difficult voyage to Britain.

On October 14 a terrific storm struck the "Olga" when she was crossing the Bay of Biscay. A huge sea hit the floating monolith, shifting the ballast and throwing her on her beam end. It was impossible to right her, or even, it seemed, to lower a boat to take off her crew.

The captain of the "Olga," fearing a collision, cut her adrift with the crew still on board. The second officer of the "Olga," however, called for volunteers to save the men in the Cleopatra. Five men set out in a boat with him, but it almost instantly capsized, and its crew were swept away and drowned.

Inspired by this heroic example, the captain of the "Olga" got a line on board the Cleopatra, another boat was launched, and her crew rescued. The Cleopatra, now lost in the darkness, was abandoned.

Two months passed, then came news that the S.S. "Fitzmaurice" had sighted the Cleopatra careering placidly along the Spanish coast. They salvaged her and towed her into the harbour of Vigo. There the monument remained for several months, until an M.P.'s yacht, the "Anglia," towed her home and up the Thames.

UNDER THE BASE.

When the monument was set up on the Thames Embankment on September 12, 1878, an extraordinary collection of articles was buried under its base to give the future generations an idea of the Victorian era.

There is a complete set of the British currency, from a farthing to a £5 gold piece; copies of the Scriptures printed in 250 languages, a man's evening and lounge suits, and a selection of the dress and vanities of a woman of fashion, illustrated papers, photographs of the most beautiful Victorian women, a packet of hairpins, a razor, toys and tops and whistles, a case of pipes, with a box of cigars, a Whitaker's Almanack, a Bradshaw, a map of London, and many other objects.

A second Cleopatra's Needle, which also came from Egypt, stands in Central Park, New York City.

NOTE.—Cleopatra's Needle was recently blasted by a flying bomb. On September 4, 1917, it was damaged by a German bomb, which shattered the stonework of the base and pierced one of its attendant sphinxes.

Good Morning

"Well, I must say! Feet on the table, indeed. Anyone would think this was Romano's. If this sort of thing continues, I shall order the management to serve all my meals in my own room."



So they've christened Simone Simon "Tahiti Honey" in Republic's latest sun-drenched opus. Well, that's O.K. by us. Sarong kindly lent by Dorothy Lamour, we suppose.

This England

"For mostly things goes up and down," should be the philosophy of this Lakeland farmer as he leads his team down the steep fells that hem Langdale Valley in Westmorland.



"WALLOWING. There's no other word for it. Positively wallowing in it. Now, see here, my good man, I want no words with you. Nothing you could say could possibly interest me."



"Aw, nerts! I've seen your kind on cigarette packages. Dirty ones, at that. And if you ask me, only a zany is going to walk a mile for you."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Is this a private fight, or can anyone join in?"

